

Delia
Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan
Album: World Gone Wrong (1993)

Capo 2nd fret

C	F9	C	F9	C
C	"G7"	C	Csus4	C

C **F9** **C** **F9** **C**
 Delia was a gambling girl, gambled all around
 Cviiv Fv Giii Ciii Giii F
 De- lia was a gambling girl, she laid her money down.
 C/g "G7" C Csus4 C
 All the friends I ever had are gone.

Delia's dear ol' mother took a trip out West
 When she returned, little Delia'd gone to rest.
 All the friends I ever had are gone.

Delia's Daddy weeped, Delia's momma moaned
 Wouldn't have been so bad if the poor girl died at home.
 All the friends I ever had are gone.

Curtis's looking high, Curtis's looking low
 He shot poor Delia down with a cruel forty-four.
 All the friends I ever had are gone.

High upon the housetops, high as I can see
 Looking for them rounders, looking out for me.
 All the friends I ever had are gone

Men in Atlanta, trying to pass for white
 Delia's in the graveyard, boys, six feet out of sight.
 All the friends I ever had are gone.

Judge says to Curtis, "What's this noise about?"
 "All about them rounders, Judge, tryin' to cut me out."
 All the friends I ever had are gone.

Curtis said to the judge "What might be my fine?"
 Judge says, "Poor boy, you got ninety-nine."
 All the friends I ever had are gone.

Curtis' in the jailhouse, drinking from an old tin cup
 Delia's in the graveyard, she ain't gettin' up.
 All the friends I ever had are gone.

Delia, oh Delia, how can it be?
 You loved all them rounders, never did love me.
 All the friends I ever had are gone.

Delia, oh Delia, how could it be?
 You wanted all them rounders, never had time for me.
 All the friends I ever had are gone.